
THE
MISCELLANEOUS
MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.]

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[No. V.]

THE BROKEN HEART.

From Irving's Sketch Book.

It is common to laugh at all love stories, and to treat the tales of romantic passion as mere fictions of poets and novelists, that never existed in real life. My observations on human nature have convinced me of the contrary, and have satisfied me, that however the surface of the character may be chilled and frozen by the cares of the world, and the pleasures of society, still there is a warm current of affection running through the depths of the coldest heart, which prevents its being utterly congealed. Indeed, I am a true believer in the blind deity, and go to the full extent of his doctrines. Shall I confess it?—I believe in broken hearts, and the possibility of dying of disappointed love! I do not, however, consider it a malady often fatal to my own sex; but I firmly believe that it withers down many a lovely woman into an early grave.

Man is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or a song piped in the intervals of the acts. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for space in the world's thought, and dominion over his fellow men. But a woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire—it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure; she embarks her whole soul in the traffick of affection; and if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless—for it is a bankruptcy of the heart.

To a man the disappointment of love may occasion some bitter pangs: it wounds some feelings of tenderness—it blasts some prospects of felicity; but he is an active being—he can dissipate his thoughts in the whirl of varied occupation, or plunge into the tide of pleasure; or, if the scene of disappoint

ment be too full of painful associations, he can shift his abode at will, and taking, as it were, the wings of the morning, can fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, and be at rest.

But woman's is comparatively a fixed, a secluded, and a meditative life. She is more the companion of her own thoughts and feelings; and if they are turned to ministers of sorrow, where shall she look for consolation! Her lot is to be wooed and won; and if unhappy in her love, her heart is like some fortress that has been captured, and sacked, and abandoned, and left desolate.

How many bright eyes grow dim—how many soft cheeks grow pale—how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness. As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals—so it is the nature of woman, to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. The love of a delicate female is always shy and silent. Even when fortunate, she scarcely breathes it to herself; but when otherwise, she buries it in the recesses of her bosom, and there lets it cower and brood among the ruins of her peace. With her the desire of the heart has failed. The great charm of existence is at an end. She neglects all the cheerful exercises that gladden the spirits, quicken the pulses, and send the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken—the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams—“dry sorrow drinks her blood,” until her enfeebled frame sinks under the least external assaillment. Look for her, after a little while, and you find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one, who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty, should so soon be brought down to “darkness and the worm.” You will be told of some wintry chill, some slight indisposition, that laid her low—but no one knows the mental malady that previously sapped her strength, & made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.

She is like some tender tree, the pride and beauty of the grove: graceful in its form, bright in its foliage, but with the worm preying at its core. We find it suddenly withering, when it should be most fresh and luxuriant. We see it drooping its branches to the earth, and shedding leaf by leaf; until wasted and perished away, it falls even in the stillness of the forest; and as we muse over the beautiful ruin, we strive in vain to recollect the blast or thunderbolt that could have smitten it with decay.

I have seen many instances of women running to waste and self-neglect, and disappearing gradually from the earth, almost as if they had been exhaled to heaven; and have repeatedly fancied, that I could trace their deaths through the various declensions of consumption, cold, debility, languor, melancholy, until I reached the first symptom of disappointed love.

But an instance of this kind was lately told to me ; the circumstances are well known in the country where they happened, and I shall but give them in the manner they were related.

Every one must recollect the tragical story of young E—— : it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland he was tried, condemned, and executed, on a charge of treason. His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy. He was so young—so intelligent—so generous—so every thing that we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under trial, too, was so lofty and intrepid. The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country—the eloquent vindication of his name—and his pathetic appeal to posterity, in the hopeless hour of condemnation—all these entered deeply into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution.

But there was one heart, whose anguish no tongue nor pen could describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes, he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a late celebrated Irish barrister. She loved him with the disinterested fervour of a woman's first and early love.—When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him ; when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him more ardently for his very sufferings. If, then, his fate could awaken the sympathy even of his foes, what must have been the agony of her whose whole soul was occupied by his image ! Let those tell who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth—who have sat at its threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world, from whence all that was most lovely and loving had departed.

But then the horrors of such a grave !—so frightful, so dishonoured ! There was nothing for memory to dwell on that could soothe the pang of separation—none of those tender, though melancholy circumstances, that endear the parting scene—nothing to melt sorrow into those blessed tears, sent, like the dews of heaven, to revive the heart in the parching hour of anguish.

To render her widowed situation more desolate, she had incurred her fathers displeasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile from the paternal roof. But could the sympathy and kind offices of friends have reached a spirit so shocked and driven in by horror, she would have experienced no want of consolation, for the Irish are a people of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate and cherishing attentions were paid her by families of wealth and distinction.—She was led into society, and they tried by all kinds of occupation and amusement to dissipate her grief, and wean her from the tragical story of her loves. But it was all in vain, There

are some strokes of calamity that scathe and scorch—that penetrate to the vital seat of happiness—and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom. She never objected to frequent the haunts of pleasure ; but she was as much alone there, as in the depths of solitude. She walked about in a sad reverie, apparently unconscious of the world around her. She carried with her an inward wo that mocked at all the blandishments of friendship, and “heeded not the song of the charmer, charm he never so wisely.”

The person who told me her story, had seen her at a masquerade. There can be no exhibition of far-gone wretchedness more striking and painful than to meet it in such a scene. To find it wandering like a spectre, lonely and joyless, where all around is gay—to see it dressed out in the trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and wo-begone, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. After strolling through the splendid rooms and giddy crowd with an air of utter abstraction, she sat herself down on the steps of an orchestra, and looking about for some time with a vacant air, that showed her insensibility to the garnish scene, she began, with the capriciousness of a sickly heart, to warble a little plaintive air. She had an exquisite voice ; but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching—it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness—that she drew a crowd, mute and silent, around her, and melted every one into tears.

The story of one so true and tender, could not but excite great interest in a country remarkable for enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave officer, who paid his addresses to her, and thought that one so true to the dead, could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attentions, for her thoughts were irrevocably engrossed by the memory of her former lover. He, however, persisted in his suit. He solicited, not her tenderness, but her esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and her sense of her own destitute and dependent situation, for she was existing on the kindness of friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand, though with the solemn assurance, that her heart was unalterably another's.

He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a happy one ; but nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her very soul. She wasted away in a slow but helpless decline, and at length sunk into the grave, the victim of a broken heart.

MORAL BANKRUPTCY.

Past and present want the power,
To cheer the bad man's aching eye ;
And, bankrupt at the present hour,
He draws upon futurity.

ESSAY ON FAITH—NO. V.

"Thou believest there is one God, thou doest well. The devils also believe, and tremble." James 2 : 19. The devils not only believe in God, and in Jesus Christ as the son of God ; but they are so much more orthodox than many professed Christians, that they openly confessed they knew Christ to be the holy one of God, and they feared and trembled, obeyed and worshiped him, as God. They might have been unbelievers in their probationary state, yet when that state of trial is ended it is doubtful whether there is an unbeliever in his eternal state of existence : there they see things as they are ; it is only in this vale of flesh and blood, this state of trial that we are so liable to be deceived, by receiving error for truth, and rejecting truth as error. And altho' the devil may be the father of lies, we do not suppose he believes his own lies ; (any more than his servants do, those lies which they fabricate ;) the faith of devils, only perceives the truth of God ; but does not receive the God of truth, in his promises ; for they can neither receive, nor reject, what is not offered ; and there is no proposed truth, tendering salvation to them.

Man does well, in perceiving by faith, that there is one God, for without this, he cannot go on to a higher degree of faith, but he may be so orthodox in his faith, as to perceive in every respect, the whole truth ; yet only be saved by it, from ignorance ; and (like the devils,) he may only be fit for greater wickedness, and greater wretchedness. The truth of God in his promises, not only presents the saviour to man's perception to make him wise unto salvation ; but it also tenders Christ, and his salvation, for man's reception by faith : this free offer, gives man the full power equally to accept, by his faith, or to reject, by his unbelief. And altho' a man may speak with the tongues of men, and angels, may have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, have faith to remove mountains, and bestow all his goods to feed the poor ; yet if he does not by his faith *receive* the truth as it is in Jesus ; and Jesus Christ as presented in the promise : and Christ does not dwell in his heart, by faith ; that man deceives his own heart, and his religion is vain.

The difference in the degree of faith, between the formal professor, and the possessor of the religion of Jesus Christ: the professor perceives, and by his faith knows the truth, in theory : but the possessor by his faith, not only perceives, and knows in theory, but he also *receives* the promised, the desired, and expected, and therefore hoped for Saviour, and his hope makes him not ashamed, because he experiences, and enjoys the love of God shed abroad in his heart ; his faith is now the substance, or subsistence of the thing hoped for, as well as

the evidence of the thing not seen. He knows the truth of the promise experimentally, that it has sufficiency of energy, to set him free from the carnal mind, and give spiritual life. "And ye shall know, the truth, and the truth shall make you free." These are written that ye might *believe* that Jesus is the Christ the Son of God, and that believing ye might have life through his name. First—by a degree of faith *perceive*, and then by a higher degree *receive* Christ, and life through his name.

"If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not: and it shall be given him. But let him ask in *faith*, nothing *wavering*; for he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind, and tossed. For let not that man think he shall receive any thing of the Lord. A double minded man is unstable in all his ways." James 1. 5. 6. 7. 8. Jesus Christ is the wisdom that comes down from above; "In him are hid, all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." If we are in Christ by faith God has made him, unto us, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. All who will by faith, come to a knowledge of their ignorance and wretchedness; and then by a high degree of faith ask, and receive without wavering, they shall assuredly know for themselves by internal evidence, that Christ is their Lord, and their God. But the wavering are still fearful, and unbelieving; hence they shall not receive any thing in that doubting, or desponding state of mind, altho' it may be asked sincerely, and perseveringly; and none need vainly think he can have any thing, until he *receives* it of the Lord; and none can receive of the Lord but by unwavering faith. The double minded man, is he who has a degree of faith and a degree of unbelief, alternately by his faith, embracing truth, and then by his unbelief, embracing error, thus he becomes unstable in all his ways never succeeding in any thing.

He, who by his unbelief without wavering, lays his plans in error, and firmly perseveres to execute those plans consistent with his erroneous system, may accomplish his purposes, to a very great extent; but after all, his building is on the sandy foundation of error, and as that is destructive to itself, so it must effect all, who attach themselves to it, or build upon it: Witness Bonaparte, yet, would even he, have achieved what he did, if his unbelief had been wavering, and he had doubted at every step he took? And how many examples have we, of great unbelief founded in various systems of error, and altho' their career in some instances, may have been long, and successful, yet must end in great destruction, sometimes like Pharaoh, and his host—But the double minded man, who is unstable in all his ways, with all his anxious toil accomplishes but little either good, or bad, and how often does he persevere in that unhappy state of mind, till he perishes also?

The believing man, who perseveres, still strong in faith; not only receives much from the Lord; but his faith, works by

love to God, to good people, to all mankind ; hence, in whatever relation, or station he may stand in society ; according to his faith, founded in truth, so he succeeds, in doing, as well as getting good. Witness "Moses, who by faith, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter : choosing rather to suffer affliction, with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin, for a season ; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches, than the treasures in Egypt ; for he had respect unto the recompence of reward." By faith he attended to the lesser, as well as the weightier matters of the law, and by going from faith, to faith, he learned to know his duty, his privilege, and his danger ; and by faith obtained temporal, spiritual, and eternal deliverance from evil, into good ; and all who accompanied him, or has followed, or shall follow him, with like unwavering faith ; did, and shall wonderfully succeed, and like him, come off victorious.

LUMEN.

COMMUNICATION.

Mr. Editor—If the following lines come within the province of your Miscellany, you will oblige a subscriber by inserting them.

THE VISION OF A MAN ON STRAW.

DEEP in a vale, midst rocks and muddy springs,
And hollow caverns, thorns, and hateful things,
In dream I stood—a dusky gloom o'er spread,
And horrid monsters grinned but quickly fled:
At bay regardent stood, both beast and fowl,
With scream terrific, or with hateful howl.

When on a sudden, ope'd the yawning ground,
The rocks were rent, the hills they nodded round,
Preceded by a light which shone on all,
Forth came a spectre, which some BACCHUS call.
A knotty horn he raised, and gave a blast,
Reeling—advancing—yet advanced fast;
High on a black rock mounted, blew again,
Come forth my people to my happy reign !

Quick from all corners comes a noisy clan,
In shape resembling—but in act not man :
And bowed submission---thick around they stood,
Ripe for all mischief---adverse to all good.

Hail to our Chief they cried, whose easy will,
Is fill the goblet, and be drinking still.
Voices confused were heard---the ragged crowds,
Sang, danced, and raised their voices to the clouds.
Elate with praises, Bacchus soon began,
To mutter to his millions this harrangue :

" My loving subjects, more than monarch's boast,
Who ne'er rebel, nor murmur to my cost,
On this occasion, I have called you forth,
To shew your numbers and declare your worth.
Most willing subjects, and a smiling band,
From every region, and from every land,

Whose numbers, like the stars in yonder sky,
 Or as the rocks that thick around us lie.
 Still to your duties staunch on land or flood,
 In riot ranting, or in frolic good;
 Strongly opposed to acts of church and state,
 In fancy pregnant, and in words still great.
 Choice spirits now of wit, of mirth, and fun,
 Who live like princes till your race is run;
 Without reflection drop into the tomb,
 To give a younger generation room!
 Thanks for your time, for your attention come,
 To springs of cider, whiskey, and of rum."
 Bacchus he stamp'd, forthwith the springs gushed out,
 The noisy rabble pushed the cans about. [TO BE CONTINUED]



SAGACITY OF THE DOG.

From Joseph Taylor's History of that animal.

A French merchant, having some money due from a correspondent, set out on horseback, accompanied by his Dog, on purpose to receive it. Having settled the business to his satisfaction, he tied the bag of money before him, and began to return home. His faithful Dog, as if he entered into his master's feelings, frisked round the horse, barked, jumped, and seemed to participate his joy.

The merchant, after riding some miles, alighted to repose himself under an agreeable shade, and taking the bag of money in his hand, laid it down by his side under a hedge, and, on remounting forgot it. The Dog perceived his lapse of recollection, and wishing to rectify it, ran to fetch the bag, but it was too heavy for him to drag along. He then ran to his master, and, by crying, barking, and howling, endeavoured to remind him of his mistake. The merchant understood not his language; but the assiduous creature persevered in his efforts, and, after trying to stop the horse, at last began to bite his heels.

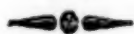
The merchant absorbed in some reverie, wholly overlooked the real object of his affectionate attendant's importunity, but waked to the alarming apprehension that he was gone mad. Full of this suspicion, in crossing a brook, he turned back to look if the Dog would drink.—The poor animal was too intent on its master's business to think of itself; it continued to bark and bite with greater violence than before.

"Mercy!" cried the afflicted merchant, "it must be so, my poor Dog is certainly mad: what must I do?—I must kill him, lest some greater misfortune befall me; but with what regret! Oh, could I find any one to perform this cruel office for me! but there is no time to lose; I myself may become the victim if I spare him."

With these words he drew a pistol from his pocket, and with a trembling hand, took aim at his faithful servant. He turned away in agony as he fired.--But his aim was too sure. The poor animal falls wounded; and weltering in his own blood, still endeavours to crawl towards his master as if to tax him with ingratitude. The merchant could not bear the sight; he spurred on his horse with a heart full of sorrow, and lamented he had taken a journey which had cost him so dear. Still, however, the money never entered his mind; he only thought of his poor Dog, and tried to console himself with the reflection, that he had prevented a greater evil, by dispatching a mad animal, than he had suffered a calamity by his loss. This opiate to his wounded spirit was ineffectual:—"I am most unfortunate," said he to himself, "I had almost rather have lost my money than my Dog." Saying this, he stretched out his hand to grasp his treasure. It was missing; no bag was to be found.—In an instant he opened his eyes to his rashness and folly.—"Wretch that I am! I alone am to blame! I could not comprehend the admonition which my innocent and most faithful friend gave me, and I have sacrificed him for his zeal. He only wished to inform me of my mistake, and he has paid for his fidelity with his life."

Instantly he turned his horse, and went off at full gallop to the place where he had stopped. He saw with half averted eyes, the scene where the tragedy was acted; he perceived the traces of blood as he proceeded; he was oppressed and distracted; but in vain did he look for his Dog—he was not to be seen upon the road. At last he arrived at the spot where he had alighted. But what were his sensations! His heart was ready to bleed; he cursed himself in the madness of despair. The poor Dog, unable to follow his dear, but cruel master, had de-

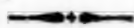
terminated to consecrate his last moments to his service. He had crawled, all bloody as he was, to the forgotten bag, and, in the agonies of death, he lay watching beside it. When he saw his master, he still testified his joy by the wagging of his tail—he could do no more—he tried to rise, but his strength was gone. The vital tide was ebbing fast: even the caresses of his master could not prolong his fate for a few moments. He stretched out his tongue to lick the hand that was now fondling him in the agonies of regret, as if to seal forgiveness for the deed that had deprived him of life. He then cast a look of kindness on his master, and closed his eyes forever.



THE CHARACTER OF A BELIEVING CHRISTIAN.

Selected for the Magazine, by a subscriber.

He praises God for his justice, and yet fears him for his mercy. He is so ashamed as that he dares not open his mouth before God, and yet he comes with boldness to God, and asks him any thing he needs. He is so humble as to acknowledge himself to deserve nothing but *evil*, and believes that God means him all *good*. He is often sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; many times complaining, yet always giving thanks. He is one that fears always, yet is as bold as a lion. He is the most lowly-minded, yet the greatest aspirer; the most contented, yet ever craving. He bears a lofty spirit in a mean condition;—when he is ablest he thinks meanest of himself. He is rich in poverty, and poor in the midst of riches. He believes all the world to be his, yet dares take nothing without special leave from God. He covenants with God for nothing, yet looks for a great reward. He loseth his life and gains by it; and whilst he loseth it, he saveth it.”——*Bacon's works*.



Stolen Goods.—A negro in Jamaica was tried for theft, and ordered to be flogged. He begged to be heard; which being granted, he asked, “if white man buy stoled goods, why he no be flogged too?” “Well,” said the Judge, “so he would.” Dare den replied Mungo, “is massa, he buy stoled goods; he know me stoled and yet he buy me.”

Account of St. Paul's last Interview with the principal Persons who had embraced Christianity at Ephesus.

PAUL continued his course the next day to Miletus, which is a few miles south of Ephesus. He would not however visit that city, as he feared he might be delayed and was desirous of keeping the feast of Pentecost at Jerusalem. But as he might not have another opportunity of visiting the Ephesian church, he sent for the elders of it to meet him at Miletus.

Here he reminded them of the laborious life he had led, ever since his first coming to Ephesus; and of the many difficulties and dangers he had encountered among the Jews. He reminded them also of the faithful discharge of his ministry, both publicly, and privately—the subject of which had ever been, that repentance and faith were the only means of salvation, both to Jew and Gentile.—And now, said he, I am under the direction of the Spirit, on my journey to Jerusalem; not knowing what it may please God to lay upon me; only this I know, that dangers and difficulties, in some shape await me.—But these are not the things, which give me pain; if I can only finish my course with joy; and the ministry, which God hath intrusted with me.—Of this however I am persuaded, that you shall see my face no more. I take the present opportunity therefore of testifying to you, that if any man swerve from the truth, I am blameless—I have opened to you the whole counsel of God.—Be you equally attentive, both to your own behaviour, and to the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood; and which the Holy Ghost hath committed to your care.—Many enemies, after my departure, will rise up against it.—Many enemies, even among yourselves, shall arise, to seduce you from the truth. Be therefore on your guard; and remember the various cautions, which, during three years, I have given you on this head.—With these instructions I recommend you to the grace of God; which, with your own sincere endeavours, will perfect you in all holiness.—For myself you will bear me witness, that I have not preached the gospel among you through any interested motives. You all know that these hands have

ministered, not only to my own necessities ; but to those of others : and thus also have I instructed my fellow labourers, always remembering the words of our Lord, *that it is more blessed to give than to receive.*—After Paul had made this affectionate address, they all joined with him in prayer ; and then accompanied him to the ship with many tears, and sorrowful embraces ; grieving above all things at his saying, that they should see his face again no more.

ANECDOTE OF MARSHAL TURENNE.

It is well known of Marshal Turenne, that his heroism was only equalled by his solid and manly piety, equally remote from the superstitions of his own age, and from the indifference of ours. In a court of gallantry, and in times when the point of honour was preserved in full extravagance, the Marshal was never known either to fight a duel, or be engaged in an intrigue. The grace, the dignity, with which he once released himself from an embarrassment of this nature, will at once give an idea of what he was, and be a sufficient answer to the favourite question of the defenders of duelling ; “how is a challenge to be refused?” A young officer of noble family, and in despite of what may be thought from the following, of real worth, imagined himself to have received an insult from the Marshal, and demanded satisfaction in the usual forms. The Marshal made no reply to his challenge ; the officer repeated it several times, but the Marshal still retained the same silence. Irritated at the apparent contempt, the officer resolved to compel him upon their walks, and at length meeting him in the public street, accompanied by two other general officers, he hurried towards him and to the astonishment and even terror of all who saw him, spit in the Marshal’s face. The company of the Marshal started back in amazement ; the Marshal, his countenance glowing from a sense of the indignity, seized the hilt of his sword, and had already half unsheathed it, when, to the astonishment of the spectators, he suddenly returned it into the scabbard, and taking his handkerchief from his pocket, ‘Young man,’ said he, “could I

wipe your blood from my conscience with as much ease as I can your spittle from my face, I would take your life on the spot. Go, sir." Saying this, the Marshal retired in all the majesty of triumphant virtue. The young officer was so much struck, that he did not rest until he had obtained his pardon of the Marshal.—Turenne afterwards became his patron; and under such a preceptor, he became the rival of his virtuous fame.



FOR THE MISCELLANEOUS MAGAZINE.

HYPOCRISY.

Among all the evils of a civilized society, Hypocrisy may be counted one of the most degrading to the human character. It stalks imposingly in every department, and requires, the most watchful attention of an honourable people. It is this vice which, above all others, causes the shame, the anxiety, and the disgrace of the christian world.

A man, who has been guilty of every enormity, who has scoffed at the God of justice and mercy, who has in fine, forgone every law human and divine; after finding it impossible for him to succeed longer in his guilty career without a new arrangement, determines to renew it by a deep concerted scheme of *religious fraud*. For this purpose he assumes the air of penitence. He hastens to declare that he is imploring the mercy of the Supreme Benefactor. His christian neighbours rejoice at the prospect of a returning prodigal. He declares, at length, that, he has experienced a joyful and gracious pardon.—He lives a life of profession—Before his vigilant, christian neighbour, he has always at his command, studied graces. But before the impenitent, what is his example? He mixes with them, not to teach them the advantage of his newly acquired, and (if real in itself) rich inheritance; but to hear and communicate the adventures of a sinful life.

Indeed, he often so far forgets the vows he has made to his God, and his fellow men, that he plunges into debauch with all the eagerness, and carelessness, of the most sordid and vitiated wretch. A new series of feigned contrition ensues, and he is again received among the virtuous. Year, after year, slides along, one man after another discovers that he has been overreached, and defrauded in consequence of his credulity in heeding his broken and oft repeated promises. This is the christians grief—He sees his professing brethren open the gate to the adversary! Triumphantly the monster enters, and bars the door to further extension of penitence, by answering them that they are as good as their neighbours, and therefore, may

rest from their alarms.—How is this evil to be avoided? Shall every rank in society suffer for the vices of these wolves in sheeps clothing?

Is there not something fundamentally wrong in the precepts and examples of our youth?

Is the advantage, the honour, and necessity of truth always placed in a light most attractive to the young mind? Have the opposite vices been represented truly with all their degradations? Answer these questions to yourselves fellow men—Hypocrisy, I consider only an aggravated form of falshood, acted upon a plan and generally guarded. If this is the case when truth is more generally regarded this vice must fall into ruin and the arch fiend be robbed of one of his most powerful weapons. Ask yourselves, if you have not taken advantage of your neighbour, and spoken of it before your offspring, with an air of triumph. Have you not expressed your determination at some time in a solemn manner, and after a short period acted in direct violation of your resolution? If this be the case can you reproach those about you, who are yet unable to form correct opinions, for following your example? I believe that pernicious examples cause more sycophants, more hypocrisy, more designing knavery, than all other causes put together.

I wish to call the attention of those who have either religion or honour to maintain, and if they will not labour to correct an evil the most hideous in nature, in a few revolving years honour, religion and virtue, will exist only by name. I hope this subject may have a share of consideration, and that men of professed piety will not show, as they often do, a peculiar pleasure in listening to adventures of the sycophant, and the tricks of the designing. These things, trifling as they appear act upon the young mind, in a manner calculated to induce belief that advantages and reprisals are marks of genius and talent, instead of approaching degradation and wretchedness. It is not my intention to exhaust this ample field of satire upon the vices and follies of men. I hope some person, who feels for the good of society, and his country, will make it a theme for his consideration and communication.

April, 1824.

ALANSON.

SLANDER.

VICE hath not a more *abject slave*; *society* produces not a more *odious vermin*; nor can the *devil* receive a guest more worthy of him, nor possibly more welcome to him, than a *slanderer*. The world regards not this monster with half the abhorrence he deserves; yet, it is certain, the thief looks innocent in the comparison; nay, the murderer himself can seldom stand in competition with his guilt: for *slander* is a more cruel weapon than the *sword*, as the wounds which the former gives are always incurable.

THE CAUSES OF HARMONIOUS AND DISCORDANT SOUNDS.

Sounds proceed from the air being forcibly put in motion, which we perceive by the impression that it makes on the tympanum of the ear. When a sonorous body is struck or shaken, it communicates to the air around the motion by which it is affected: and that motion operates by undulations similar to those which we may perceive on the surface of a stream, when we throw a stone into it. The more quick and frequent these undulations are, the more sharp is the sound. The treble string of a violin is sharper than the base, for this reason only, that its motion, being quicker, produces readier and more frequent undulations. In loosening a string the motion becomes more slack, the undulations more slow, and the sound less acute. On these principles, the causes of harmony and dissonance are easily accounted for. When the undulations produced by two strings of a violin are equal and alike, and under the same point of time, an unison, or the most perfect harmony, is the consequence: when the contrary of this case happens, a most horrid discord is the effect. When the undulations are equal, but not of the same time, but returning at regular intervals, those beautiful variations take place, which add so much to the charms of music. From this plain doctrine of undulations, we can account for a very remarkable and a very pleasing natural circumstance, which arises from two strings being in unison: when one string is touched, and utters its proper note, the other by mere agitation sends forth the same tone though more feebly. The undulations of the air, occasioned by the string that is struck, puts the other in motion by pulsation, and excites in it certain undulations, which being equal to those produced by the former string, they combine together, and thus the force of each is aided and increased by its communication.



THERE IS A STAR.

There is a star no gloom can shroud—

A hope no wo can sever—

A ray that through the darkest cloud
Shines smilingly forever.

When nature spreads the shades of night

With scarce one hope of morrow,
That star shall shed serenest light,
To gild the tear of sorrow.

When melancholy's silent gloom

Enshrouds the heart with sadness,
That ray shall issue from the tomb,
To fill the breast with gladness.

Then humble Christian fearless go,

Though darkest foes assail thee;
Though dangers press and troubles flow,
This hope shall never fail thee.

Some account of the daring attempt to liberate M. de la Fayette from the Castle of Olmutz, 1794.

By Mr. BALMAN, a Hanoverian, and Mr. FRANCIS HUGER, an American.

[The following interesting narrative, is copied from the Edinburgh Annual Register, for the year 1812. It was drawn up by the writer from personal communications with Mr. Huger; and the editors of that respectable journal, pledge themselves for its authenticity.]

Amongst the many extraordinary characters which the eventful times we live in have produced to the notice of the world, no man has undergone greater vicissitudes of fortune than La Fayette. At one time we behold him tearing himself from the fascinations of the most licentious court in Europe, braving the elements in search of the bubble reputation, and combating for the cause of liberty under the banners of Washington; at another, sowing the seeds of confusion in his native country, idolized by an enthusiastic populace, and raised to the chief command of his emancipated countrymen; then proscribed and hunted by those associates who no longer stood in need of his assistance; a fugitive in a foreign land, obliged to seek an asylum amongst his enemies; and lastly, seized as a traitor, and delivered up to the emperor of Germany; who, regarding him as one of the chief instruments of the insulting degradation and subsequent death of the royal family of France, ordered him into close confinement in the castle at Olmutz. Compassion for his fate drew petitions from all quarters for his release. The emperor was inexorable, & Fayette had dragged on two miserable years in his solitary prison, when a stranger and a foreigner stepped forwards from pure motives of compassion, and an anxious wish to be of service to a man who had so signalized himself in the cause of liberty. Balman was a Hanoverian by birth, young, active, intrepid, and intelligent. He repaired alone and on foot to Olmutz to gain such information as might enable him to judge of the best means to execute the purpose he had in view, to assist Fayette in making his escape from the power of Austria. He soon found that without an able coadjutor, the difficulties which presented themselves were insurmountable. He was forced, therefore, for the present to abandon his design until he should be so fortunate as to find a man equally zealous with himself, and with ability sufficient to execute the hazardous plan he had formed. Accident threw in his way the person in the world best suited to the enterprize by nature and education. At Vienna, he entered into the society of young Americans, whom he thought most likely, from their veneration for the character of Fayette, to dare such an undertaking. He soon singled out one, to whom, after proper precautions, he imparted his secret. Huger entered into, and adopted his schemes with all the keenness of youth, and that enthusiastic enterprize peculiar to the inhabitants of the new world.

Francis Huger was the son of Col. Huger of Charleston, South-Carolina, who lost his life in the service of his country against the British troops on the walls of the town, when besieged by General Prevost. The year before his death, he retired to a small island off the Charleston bar, with his family, for the benefit of sea-bathing.—There happened one evening a violent storm, the report of cannon was heard at a distance ; concluding the firing came from British ships, then cruising in those seas, it was necessary to avoid giving suspicion that the island was inhabited. About midnight a knocking at the door of the cottage obliged colonel Huger to open it. Two persons appeared, who in a foreign accent informed him that their ship had been driven on shore by the violence of the wind, and the crew had dispersed themselves over the island in search of assistance. They were hospitably received, and provided with such necessaries as they most stood in need of. When the strangers were made acquainted with the quality of their host, and his political principles, they made themselves and the object of their voyage known to him. The one was the Marquis de la Fayette, then about eighteen, and the other an elderly gentleman, a Chevalier de St. Louis, who like another Mentor, had followed the fortunes of the young Telemachus. “ They beheld,” they said, “ with indignation, the tyranny the inhabitants of North-America labored under from the mother country ; and animated with the true spirit of liberty, they were resolved to espouse the cause of the Congress, and either partake with them the happiness of emancipation, or perish with them in the glorious effort.” Colonel Huger quitted the island with his guests, and repairing to head quarters, introduced them to General Washington, who gave each of them a command in the continental army. Francis Huger was only four years old when this happened, but the adventure remained deeply impressed on his memory ; and though he had never seen Fayette since, yet he felt the greatest attachment to his person, and the highest admiration of his actions ; with ardor, therefore, he participated in Balman’s scheme for the release of his favorite hero.

Thus agreed, they began their operations. It was necessary to conduct themselves with caution, for the Austrian police was vigilant, and particularly jealous of strangers. Huger pretended ill health, and Balman gave himself out for a physician, who on that account travelled with him. They bought three of the best horses they could find, and with one servant set forwards on a tour. After travelling many weeks, staying some time at different places, the better to conceal their purpose, and to confirm the idea that curiosity was the motive of their journey, they at length reached Olmutz. After viewing every thing in the town, they walked into the castle to see the fortifications, made themselves acquainted with the jailor, and

having desired permission to walk within the castle the next day, they returned to their lodging. They repeated their visits frequently, each time conversing familiarly with the jailor, and sometimes making him little presents. By degrees they gained his confidence, and one day as if by accident, asked him what prisoners he had under his care. He mentioned the name of Fayette ; without discovering any surprise, they expressed a curiosity to know how he passed his time and what indulgencies he enjoyed ; they were informed that he was strictly confined, but was permitted to take exercise without the walls with proper attendants, and, besides, was allowed the use of books, and pen, ink, and paper. They said as they had some new publications with them, it might add to his amusement if they were to lend them to him, and desired to know if they might make the offer. The jailor said he thought there could be no objection, provided the books were delivered open to him (the jailor,) so that he might see there was nothing improper in their contents. With this caution they complied, and the same evening sent a book and a note to the jailor, addressed to Fayette, written in French ; who, though he did not understand that language (as it afterwards,) appeared yet did not suspect any treachery where every thing was conducted so openly. The note contained apologies for the liberty they had taken ; but, as they wished in any way to contribute to his happiness, they hoped he would attentively read the book they had sent, and if any passages in it particularly engaged his notice, they begged he would let them know his opinion. He received the note, and finding it was not expressed in the usual mode of complimentary letters, conceived that more was meant than met the eye. He therefore carefully perused the book and found in certain places words written with a pencil, which, being put together, acquainted him with the names, qualities, and designs of the writers, and requiring his sentiments before they should proceed any further. He returned the book, and with it an open note, thanking them, and adding, that he highly approved of, and was much charmed with its contents.

Having thus begun a correspondence, seldom a day passed but open notes passed between them, some of which the jailor shewed to persons who could read them ; but as nothing appeared that could create any suspicion, the correspondence was permitted.

Their plan being at length arranged, the particulars were written with lemon juice, and on the other side of the paper a letter of inquiries after Fayette's health, concluding with these words : *Quand vous aurez lu ce billet, mettez le au feu* (instead of *dans le feu*.) By holding the paper to the fire, the letters appeared and he was made acquainted with every arrangement they had made. The day following was fixed upon

to put the plan in execution. The city of Olmutz is situated about 30 miles from the frontiers of Silesia, in the midst of a plain, which taking the town as its centre extends three miles each way. The plain is bounded by rising ground, covered with bushes and broken rocks ; so that a man standing on the walls might distinctly see every thing that passed on the plain. Sentinels were placed for the purpose of giving alarm when any prisoner was attempting to escape, and all people were ordered to assist in retaking him : great rewards were likewise due to the person who arrested a prisoner. It seemed therefore scarcely possible to succeed in such an attempt. Aware of these difficulties, Balman and Huger were not intimidated, but took their measures with the greater caution.

Under pretence that his health required air and exercise, Fayette had obtained permission to ride out upon the plain every day in an open cabriolet, accompanied by an officer, and attended by an armed soldier, who mounted behind by way of guard. During these excursions he had gained the confidence of the officer so far, that when the carriage was at a distance from the walls they used to quit it, and walk together.

The plan determined upon was this ; Balman and Huger were to ride out of town on horseback, the latter leading a third horse ; as neither of them knew Fayette, a signal was agreed upon at their meeting. Fayette was to endeavour to gain as great a distance as possible from the town, and as usual, to quit the carriage with the officer & draw him imperceptibly as far from it as he could without exciting his suspicions. The two friends were then to approach, and if necessary, to overpower the officer, mount Fayette upon the horse Huger led, and ride away full speed to Bautropp, 15 miles distant, where a chaise and horses awaited to convey them to Trappaw, the nearest town within the Prussian dominions, about 30 miles from Olmutz, where they would be safe from pursuit. In the morning Huger sent his trusty servant to endeavour to learn the precise time that Fayette left the castle. After a tedious delay, he returned, and told them that the carriage had just past the gates. With agitated hearts they set out ; having gained the plain they could perceive no carriage ; they rode slowly on till they had nearly reached the woody country but still no carriage appeared. Alarmed lest some unforeseen accident should have led to a discovery, they hesitated ; but, recollecting that their motions might be distinctly seen from the walls, they retraced their steps, and had arrived at a short distance from the town when they beheld the long-wished for cabriolet pass through the gates, with two persons in it, one in the Austrian uniform, and a musqueteer mounted behind. On passing they gave the preconcerted signal, which was returned, and the carriage moved on. They continued their ride towards the town, and slowly followed the carriage. They loit-

ered, in order to give Fayette time to execute his part of the agreement. They observed the two gentlemen descend from the carriage, and walk from it arm in arm. They approached gradually, and perceiving that Fayette and the officer appeared to be engaged in earnest conversation about the officer's sword, which Fayette had at the time in his hand, they thought this the favorable moment, and put spurs to their horses. The noise of their approach alarmed the officer, who, turning round and seeing two horsemen coming up full gallop, he hastened to join the cabriolet, pulling Fayette with him ; finding resistance, he endeavored to get possession of his sword, and a struggle ensued. Huger arrived at this moment ; " You are free," said he : " seize this horse, - and fortune be our guide." He had scarce spoke n when the gleam of the sun upon the blade of the sword startled the horse, he broke his bridle, and fled precipitately over the plain. Balman rode after to endeavour to take him. Meantime Huger, with a gallantry and generosity seldom equalled, but never excelled, insisted on Fayette's mounting his horse, and making all speed to the place of rendezvous : " Lose no time, the alarm is given, the peasants are assembling, save yourself." Fayette mounted his horse, left Huger on foot, and was soon out of sight. Balman had in vain pursued the frightened horse, and perceiving he had taken the road to the town, gave up the chase and returned to Huger, who got up behind him, and they galloped away together. They had not gone far when the horse unequal to such a burthen, stumbled and fell, and Balman was so bruised with the fall, that with difficulty he could rise from the ground. The gallant Huger assisted his friend upon the horse, and again forgetting all selfish considerations, desired him to follow and assist Fayette, and leave him to make his escape on foot, which he said he could easily do, as he was a good runner, and the woody country was close at hand. Balman with reluctance consented. Upon the approach of the horsemen, the soldier who had remained with the cabriolet, instead of coming to the assistance of the officer, ran back to the town ; but long before he arrived the alarm was given ; for the whole of the transaction had been observed from the walls,—the cannon fired, and the country was raised. Balman easily evaded his pursuers, by telling them he was himself in pursuit. Hugar was not so fortunate ; he had been marked by a party, who never lost sight of him ; yet his hunters being on foot like himself, he might have reached his covert, had they not been joined by others who were fresh in the chase ; they gained ground upon him, and at the moment he reached a place where he hoped he might rest awhile, quite exhausted with fatigue and breathless he sunk to the earth, and a peasant came up—he offered him his purse to assist his escape ; the Austrian snatched the money with one hand, and seized him with the other, calling his companions to come to his help. Resistance

was vain, and the intripid Huger was conveyed back to Olmutz in triumph, inwardly consoling himself with the glorious idea, that he had been the cause of rescuing from tyranny and misery a man he esteemed one of the first characters upon earth.—He was shut up in a dungeon of the castle as a state prisoner.

Meanwhile Fayette took the road he was directed, and arrived without any obstacle at a small town about 10 miles from Olmutz: here the road divided; that leading to Trappaw lay to the right, unfortunately he took the left. He had scarce left the town, when perceiving the road turning too much to the left he suspected he had mistaken his way, and enquired of a person he met the way to Bautropp. The man, eying him with a look of curiosity, at length told him he had missed his way, but directed him to take another, which he said would soon lead him right. This man, from Fayette's appearance, his horse in a foam, his foreign accent, and the enquiries he made, suspected him to be a prisoner making his escape; he therefore directed him a road, which by a circuit, led him back to the town, ran himself to the magistrate, and told him his suspicions; so that when Fayette thought himself upon the point of regaining the road which would soon secure his retreat, he found himself surrounded by a guard of armed men, who regardless of his protestations, conveyed him to the magistrate. He was, however so collected, that he gave the most plausible answers to the interrogations that were put to him: he said he was an officer of excise at Trappaw, and that having friends at Olmutz, he had been there upon a visit; had been detained there by indisposition longer than he intended, and as his time of leave of absence was expired, he was hastening back, and begged he might not be detained; if he did not reach Trappaw that day, he was afraid his absence might be noticed, and he should lose his office. The magistrate was so much prepossessed in his favor by this account, and by the readiness of his answers to every question, that he expressed himself perfectly satisfied, and was going to dismiss him, when the door of an inner room opened, and a young man entered with papers for the magistrate to sign. While this was doing the young man fixed his eye upon Fayette, and immediately whispered the magistrate: "Who do you say he is?" "The general la Fayette." "How do you know him?" "I was present when the general was delivered up by the Prussians to the Austrians at ———; this is the man, I cannot be mistaken."

Fayette entreated to be heard. The magistrate told him it was useless for him to speak; he must consent immediately to be conveyed to Olmutz, and his identity would then be ascertained. Dismayed and confounded, he submitted to his hard fate, was carried back to Olmutz, and the same day which rose to him with the fairest prospects of happiness and

liberty, beheld him at the close of it plunged in still deeper misery and imprisonment. Balman, having eluded the search of his pursuers, arrived at the place where the chaise had been ordered to wait their coming. Finding it still there, and yet no appearance of Fayette, he foreboded mischief. With as much patience as he could command, he remained till evening, not yet giving up all hopes of a fortunate issue to their adventure. He dismissed the chaise, however, and made a circuitous journey, in hopes his friends might have escaped by a different route; but could gain no information whatever, till, on the third day, a rumor of Fayette having been retaken in attempting his escape, dissipated his hopes; and, anxious to learn the truth, he took the road to Olmutz. He soon was told the melancholy tale, with the addition, that his friend Huger had shared a similar fate. In despair at having been the primary cause of his misfortune, and determining to share it with him, he voluntarily surrendered himself and was committed a prisoner to the castle.

[To be concluded next month.]

Religious Intelligence.

The following Religious Intelligence is gathered from the Boston Recorder, and other religious publications.

The number of persons admitted to the Park-street, Old South, and Union Churches in this city, from January, 1823, to April, 1824, is two hundred and eighty-three. This is the first revival with which the Congregational churches have been blest since 1740.—In the first Society in Charlestown, about seventy-five persons (of whom sixty-five have been admitted to the church) embraced a hope of cordial reconciliation to God during the last year.—In the counties of Halifax, Pittsylvania, and Bedford, Va. there is a glorious work of grace.—One letter compares it to the great revival in that country, of 1802 and 3; another letter states that there has *never been* such a revival in those counties. During the last year, 170 have been added to one church, and 120 to three others.—Persons of every rank and age have become subjects of renewing grace. There is also, in Augusta county, Va. the result of Bible classes and pastoral visits, unusual and increasing seriousness. Fifty-nine persons have been added to one church since June last.—At the falls of St. Mary, in Michigan Territory, at the missionary station, under the care of the Western Missionary Society, among the soldiers of the United States garrison, there is a revival of religion. The Rev. Mr. Laird states that six soldiers have obtained a hope, and 12 others are anxiously inquiring, “*What shall I do to be saved?*” “Some of the most respectable men of the detachment, are among the converted and the anxious.—In Missouri, the Baptist Churches have

received large additions during the last year. Thirty-nine churches in one Association have received five hundred and four persons by baptism.—In Danville, Penn. and several Churches in the neighbourhood, a revival commenced in December.—In the Presbyterian, Baptist and Episcopal churches in Unadilla, N. Y. and in the neighbouring towns, Sydney, Bainbridge and Masonville, there has been a revival during the last winter. The particulars are stated in a letter from the Rev. Mr. Flagler. In Sandy-Hill, Glens Falls, Moreau, Northumberland, Whitehall, Salem, and Saratoga, N. Y. the revival which has been powerful, still continues and is progressive. Seventy-three persons were admitted to the church in Sandy-Hill, under the care of the Rev. Mr. Rodgers, at one time.—In Moreau, about one hundred persons have been added to the Presbyterian church. The moral character of the village at Glens Falls (a place formerly remarkable for vice and immorality) is represented as greatly changed. The Sabbath was profaned, and the House of God almost forsaken; it is now entirely different.—In several towns in the State of New-York, besides those already mentioned;—In Wioming, Tioga, and Bainbridge Circuits of the Methodist Church, in Bullitsburg church, Kentucky; in three churches in Chatham and Randolph counties, N. C. In the Methodist Church, Wilmington, Del. In the Methodist and Presbyterian churches, Elizabethtown, N. J. In Dalton, and the adjoining towns in New-Hampshire; In several Baptist and Methodist Churches in Maine, we find Revivals mentioned during the last month.—The Rev. Asahel Nettleton writes from Wethersfield, Conn. under date April 9th, that the revival with which about twenty towns in the eastern part of the state have been favored during the last year, has commenced on the west of Conn. river, and has become interesting and powerful in several towns.—In Harwinton the commencement of the revival, only four weeks previous to the date of the letter was nearly simultaneous, in every part of the town, and on Monday evening, April 5th, 120 persons attended the meeting of inquiry. The work is extending into other towns in the vicinity, in which a number are now anxious for their souls.

Literary Intelligence.

Religious Publications.—NATHANIEL BUNN of this city, has issued proposals for publishing a periodical work, to be entitled "*The New-Jersey Religious Intelligencer.*" It will be issued monthly—Price one dollar per ann. We extract the following paragraph from the proposal.—

"The primary object of the proposed work, is to facilitate the diffusion of religious knowledge, and promote the cause of TRUE religion in the world—without partiality to any sect or party. It will be his object to render the

"Intelligencer," a welcome family visitor, and as he has the promised assistance of a number of pious literary friends, he cherishes the pleasing hope, that under the Divine auspices, he will be enabled to render it highly useful and interesting."

We have received the third number of "*The Circular*," an interesting little paper, published at Wilmington, Del. by JOSEPH PORTER. It is issued weekly—Price \$2 per ann.

New Hymn Book.—Now in the press, and will shortly be published by the Rev. M. BARKALOW, of Monmouth, "A new Hymn Book, containing a choice Selection of Hymns, from the best Authors in Europe and America, together with some Original Hymns. It will contain 300 pages—Fifty cents bound.

* * Orders for the above works, may be left at the Office of the Magazine.

MONTHLY REGISTER OF NEWS.

Foreign Intelligence.

From Europe, no intelligence has been received since our last, which varies the aspect of affairs in that quarter of the world. The Greeks are still represented to be successful in their small war operations against the Turks—The Campaign had not been opened by the Turkish Armies. The Pacha of Egypt is represented to be mal-content with the Divan of Constantinople—to have withdrawn his auxiliary forces from Crete, and manifest a disposition to take advantage of the present crisis to throw off the Turkish Yoke.

Peace had taken place between Spain and Algiers, and prisoners on both sides were restored; but the reports of an accommodation between the latter power and the English are contradicted—The Great European states seem to be settled down in quietude and peace.

From South America and Mexico the agitations of revolution are reported to prevail—parties arise in contention for the supreme power—and ultimately it is probable, the governments of these republics of half civilized men, will be settled by the military in favour of some popular chieftains.

Don Pedro, Emperor of Brazil has given his subjects a constitution, or form of government of a limited monarchical character.

DOMESTIC.

Home Affairs ---Congress are about to close their lengthy session, having passed one important act---that relative to the duties on foreign imported goods, for the encouragement as it is alledged, of domestic manufactures. This act has excited much interest with the mercantile and manufacturing classes---its opponents and advocates---the one predicting great benefit to the country---the other, much injury and loss.---The election for President still engages the attention of politicians---and many calculations are made, on paper, of the success of this, that and the other candidate for the Presidency, by their respective supporters.

A most melancholy event occurred in the bursting of the boiler of the Steam-boat *ÆTNA*, in New-York bay on the 15th inst. by which the lives of 13 or 14 persons were destroyed---4 females passengers of the family of Furman's in New-York, lost their lives---The boat was rendered a complete wreck by the explosion.

To Correspondents—"Dillworth" in our next. "The Swallow" is unavoidably deferred—it shall appear next month.—"Q" is under consideration.